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THE HOUSE OF
LA GRANDE MARQUE, AT COGNAC
AND THE CHARENTE DISTRICT.

(From the Western Times.)

A correspondent writes:—"Having received an invitation from Mr. Victor Jouannet, the managing director of that extensive brandy house at Cognac, which is known in England under the title of La Grande Marque, I availed myself of it in order to inspect their enormous stock, and also that I might obtain some general information respecting the production of brandy in the Charante district. The Charante district, or as we should call it in England, the county of Charente, is one of the most interesting parts of France. This is owing to its production of brandy, the finest and most delicate spirit that can be distilled, and represents one of the most important sources of the general wealth of France. The largest town in the district is Angouleme, but Cognac, although having a population of only about 9,000, is the most important. This town is situated in the neighbourhood of the finest brandy producing vineyards, known as the champagne district of Cognac. The district which surrounds this and produces brandy next in quality and value is called Borderies, and the last, or as I may say the third growth, is produced in the outside district which extends round the towns of Angouleme, Saintes and Mirambeau, and almost to the banks of the river Garonne. This is called the Bois district. The pure Cognac brandy is distilled from wine grown in the three districts, Champagne, Borderies, and Bois, and this the leading houses of Cognac are most anxious to preserve in that native purity which has made Cognac so famous. Any merchant is regarded as acting fraudulently who dares to mix with the brandy of Charente district spurious spirit, or even spirit made from wine grown in any other district. The average crop of the Charente district is about 600 gallons of wine per acre, and the surface cultivated being 250,000 acres yield about 150,000,000 gallons, which, when distilled, represent 15,000,000 gallons as the average annual yield of brandy. It is the general impression in England that the distillation of brandy is performed by the Cognac houses, and that large firms are necessarily holders of large farms; but the brandy merchants are no more producers than our brewers are culivators of hops and barley. No large farms indeed exist in the Charente district. It is stated on good authority that there are not five proprietors who hold 75 acres of vineyard, not ten landowners possessing 40 acres, while holders of 12 acres do not exceed 30 in number. As in England the farmer goes to market with the sample of corn, so in the Charente district the French farmer attends the Cognac market with samples of his brandy, and thus the trade have to make up their stocks by the purchase of an innumerable number of small parcels. The stores of La Grande Marque, which are situated at the south end of the park of the town of Cognac, cover two acres of ground and hold 25,000 hogsheads, which contain about one and a half million gallons of the finest brandy that could be purchased, including the celebrated vintages of 1851, 1845, and 1835. To accumulate this enormous stock, purchases had to be made with some thousands of different farmers, and the value is of such an extent that it is insured with eighteen different Insurance Companies. The quality of the different samples of brandy varies very considerably, so that the superiority of the stock of a Cognac house depends entirely upon great judgment in their selections and the holding sufficient capital to be always able to buy at the right time and direct from the farmers."

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THE WRESTLERS.

LANCASHIRE v. FRANCE.

THE interest of the Wrestling at the Pomona Gardens culminated last Monday, when a match took place in the French style between the younger of the brothers Dubois, the champion of the French light-weights, and young Bentley, the premier Lancashire representative. Besides a money stake a silver cup was offered to the winner by the proprietor of the gardens. The anticipation of a real struggle drew a much larger crowd of spectators than a mere display of style, ceremonial, and art, on which no important results depended, had done any previous evening. The habitués of the Newton Heath "grounds," the real patrons of the "sport," showed up in greater numbers, with all that simple gaucherie and semi-turfish flavour about them which mark the pedestrian-admiring, greyhound-rearing class. Their greedy eagerness for the arrival of the real business of the evening caused the illustrations of the Cumberland and French styles to be simply endured. A big cheer of relief and expectancy greeted the two young athletes as they at last stepped on the platform, accompanied each by his second—Dubois, aînè, for the Frenchman, and Robinson for the representative of the county. To Jamieson had been mutually assigned the responsible and thankless office of referee, who should decide all disputes and give a final judgment on any appeal from either umpire.

The attitudes of the two young rivals were prominently characteristic of each. The young Frenchman stood with one leg stretched firmly forward, and arms folded, looking the picture of a manly, ingenuous young fellow, with bold, handsome, shapely figure, and graceful self-possession. The "lad," on the other hand, seemed undignified and nervous, with his mind resolutely set on being determined and cool. He was of a tight, compact build, and a lithe, sinewy, tough, enduring frame. It is strange how a struggle of mere limb, muscle, and corporeal skill should so intensely move even the most intellectual. A quiver of the lip, an unconscious movement of the hands, and an intense look will betray, even in those to whom such merely human or inhuman struggles are most abhorrent, the momentary but complete triumph of matter over mind. No wonder, then, that a solemn excitement should prevail as the two shook hands, the young Frenchman boldly, the Englishman as it were enquiringly.

Dubois secured a good hold of his adversary round the neck, and kept it up with a good deal of dash—Bentley appearing doubtful, and acting on the defensive. He has been warned that the throw is at once lost to him if he seizes his opponent below the waist, or in a cruel manner, and he is evidently anxious lest his Lancashire instincts and training should, in the heat of the struggle, cause him to forget this. Dubois's élan and spirit make it warm for him; the crowd crane their necks to see between the gigantic legs which prop the referee's bulk, as the two struggle, now on their knees now on the ground. Bentley is undermost, and his position is dangerous. Supported only on head and heels, Dubois is pressing down on his arched-up chest. He is down! No—a clever twist round and he is safe on his face, with arms and legs outspread. That attack is baffled, and a perfect savagery of cheering for Bentley bursts from every throat. It is plain that he has the entire sympathies of the assemblage, who are dead against the Frenchman. This must be much against one of his temperament, to which applause and "la gloire" is a vital requisite. It more than compensates Bentley for the constraint he has to put on himself. After a short respite for breath, they again buckle to, the "lad" this time more confidently. He gets uppermost, and tries to work his antagonist over, but fails. Dubois retaliates with an attempt to throw him over his shoulder, which Bentley foils, but, forgetting himself, catches hold of Dubois's leg. The latter's umpire at once calls attention to it, and the referee of course awards the fall to Dubois, and sends Robinson, whose Newton Heath propensities lead him to put in a bit of "wrangle," to his corner. A call for the referee to explain, accompanied with some very unseemly expressions of disappointment from other Newton Heath partizans, brings forward Jamieson to stammer out an explanation in low-toned Cumbrian. Bentley is sitting down. Ten to one he is a "collier lad" by the position of his heels. There is a something brewing by the look of his face.

After a rest they set to again. Bentley's arms, with a dart quick as a snake's, getting round Dubois' neck. Some vigorous work begins. Dubois works round behind Bentley, and grips him round low down. With a look of triumph little Robinson rushes in and appeals to the referee. Then follows a confusion of altercation. The Frenchmen, aînè and jèune, both shrugging, gesticulating, and explaining in French wildly, first at referee and umpire, then at the audience—the Newton Heath partizans, we are ashamed to say, only jeering them, and some yelling out "Yammah." It seems an unfortunate business, but the referee gives it out that to Bentley, who has been standing dogged and unconcerned-looking, this counts as a fall. One each. A frenzy of cheering hoarsens every throat. The Frenchmen shrug themselves into acquiescence.

At last the final. Bentley leads off the attack with a ferocious determination. His blood is up and so is the Frenchman's. Nationality, audience, everything is sunk, except the furious, ugly, animal passion which marks the struggles of two maddened bulldogs or wild beasts. Again a stop and a yell from the partizans who fancy Bentley's Lancashire instincts—and Lancashire instincts are appalling things—have lost him the match. But no. They resume again after a caution about "undue violence," forbidden in the French style. Before, however, they get well to work, a double foul occurred. Bentley's throat was what is, we believe, technically called "hugged," *i.e.*, pressed tightly as it were "in chancery," while Dubois' arm had been "twisted" up behind his back, a trick often used by policemen. "Let us try again," said the Frenchman, after the usual discussion and the noisy sympathy of the Newton Heath ruck, "and I will give him all the satisfaction I can." So to it again they went, settling down to their work more fairly and confidently. Dubois has a clean, handsome style, which cannot be too highly praised, but Bentley is sinewy and elusive, baffling and foiling him, frequently by a mere hair's breadth, and pressing the attack vigorously in return, only to be counterfoiled. They roll over and over. What? Dubois down? Bentley then has it? Not yet, says the referee, in answer to the general calls. Dubois had given up, thinking he had thrown Bentley. It is disallowed to each. The young Frenchman seems to have the "courage of his opinion" strongly. But for the last time they join issue. Bentley attacks more freshly than ever; Dubois seems jaded; his spirits are flagging—who could hold out against such a fierce, continuous, and general roar of sympathy for an opponent?—in spite of his strength and advantage of size, he seems to lose it in wind and "bottom." But Bentley seems to be exhausting himself in savage strained effort. Cries are heard to this effect as Dubois turns him over. Bentley's shoulders certainly for an instant touch the ground together, but no appeal is made by his adversary's umpire; besides they are, by the rules, to be held there. Quick as thought, Bentley, by a terrible spurt of strength, again comes uppermost, and by sheer fierce muscular effort forces Dubois' shoulder round and holds him fairly on his back without any doubt. The fallen one's umpire throws down the tricolor and leaves the platform and the victory to the Lancashire champion. A little of the theatrical takes place with the flags which might well be spared, and more spouting from the "orator" or master of the ceremonies which might still better be spared. He gives out that "young Dubois, jèune's" arm is badly sprained, then broken, then only sprained. Strained is the better word, for it could have been nothing serious.

The young Frenchman is a fine clever wrestler. For style and dash and science in his own walk he is wonderful. Up to the last it seemed odds on him. How Bentley managed to throw him in the end we cannot yet make out. His colder English temperament, his wind and endurance, and his adversary's uphill fight against an unfairly sympathetic audience, more than made up for the handicapping which wrestling in the French style was to him.

Of Lancashire wrestling one word to supplement what we said in our last week's remarks. It would be the finest style in England—the Cornish with its jacket-grasping and feet-sparring cannot for a moment compare with it—were it only purified and moderated. In its present form it is mere *carte blanche* for savage brutality. Prize-fighting is courtly chivalry compared with it, it exists, for instance, in the colliery districts. "Catch as catch can" is a motto fit only for two bulldogs or wolves. It shows how much lower than wild brutes human animals may be. Will none attempt a revision of the Lancashire code?

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN.

THE GAMESTER AND RICHARD THE THIRD.

MR. Barry Sullivan has appeared (since our last week's notice was written) in *The Gamester, The Lady of Lyons, Richard the Third, The Stranger*, and again last evening as Hamlet. The *Gamester* is a play which we should willingly see consigned to oblivion. It no longer represents any phase of modern society, and the picture of the gambling vice of former days is but a coarse and common-place daub. The weak-minded Beverley evokes no sympathy whatever, although the character has been a favourite one with most tragedians since the play was written, down to the present day. In order to make it at all effective, it ought to be played by first-class actors throughout. Stukely, for instance, is as important a part as any in the tragedy. The death of Beverley, as depicted by Mr. Sullivan, was a powerful exposition of a disagreeable scene. Mrs. Calvert pleased us as Mrs. Beverley, the devoted wife; her performance was true to nature in all the phases of a very difficult and trying part.

Richard the Third was presented in Colley Cibber's version. According to Mr. Sullivan's conception of the character of Gloucester (and we do not say it is an incorrect one), he played it with much force and unction, and with a good deal of grim sardonic humour, which appeared to be highly relished by the audience. He takes the key-note of the character from his opening speech, in which he descants upon his own deformity:

> Deform'd, unfinished, sent before my time
> Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
> And that so lamely and unfashionable,
> That dogs bark at me as I halt by them.
> * * * * *
> And therefore—since I cannot prove a lover,
> To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
> I am determined to prove a villain——

And a most unmitigated, murdering villain Mr. Sullivan makes him, devoured by ambition, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, possessed with a devilish restlessness that will stop at nothing to encompass his ends.

> Clarence hath not another day to live:
> Which *done*, God take King Edward to his mercy,
> And leave the world for me to bustle in!

That is *his* notion of making his way, which he pursues relentlessly until the end. Perhaps the most telling part of Mr. Sullivan's performance was his wheedling the soft Lady Anne and, afterwards, Queen Elizabeth. His exclamation "I've a tongue will wheedle with the Devil," was very amusing, and had a marked effect upon the audience. In order to make the last act of *Richard the Third* effective, a number of stage accessories are necessary, which were not attempted on this occasion. It is not an imposing sight to witness Richmond and Richard entering Bosworth Field at the head of their respective forces, the said hosts consisting of two or three retainers and half a dozen soldiers. Nevertheless, the final combat between Richmond and "the wretched, bloody, and usurping boar," was a stirring affair, and Richard's savagery was depicted with untiring energy, such as tradition describes the same scene to have been performed by Edmund Kean. When Richard falls mortally wounded, and glares at his adversary, with a wild look of hatred and despair, with imminent death stamped upon his face, we recognize one of those touches in which Mr. Sullivan excels. Altogether, the final struggle was a dish served up for the delectation of the gods, and we confess we relished it quite as much as the deities aloft.

It seems to us, that in characters like Richard, Mr. Sullivan peforms in too loud a key. Probably this, in addition to a certain noticeable breadth of execution, arises from his being accustomed to act in such large areas as Drury Lane, the Dublin Theatre Royal, and the Liverpool Amphitheatre, in all of which the audience are a long way removed from the stage, whereas, in a small house like the Prince's, effects which are requisite in a large theatre become exaggerated. When Mr. Phelps was here, we observed the same feature in his acting, both as Sir Pertinax and Othello.

CAVE CANEM!

WE are indebted to the *Manchester Courier*, which, for local intelligence, is the most amusing and refreshing of our daily papers, for a story about a dog, or, perhaps more properly speaking, a dog's tale, which ought not to be wagged away into forgetfulness all at once, and which, therefore, we pin up on to the *Sphinx* screen, for the benefit of all whom it may concern. And it may concern a good many. For we can imagine the notion that the family dog was painted to be almost as repulsive to the head of a family as if he were casually to discover that the partner of his joys was made up of pigments, and was, so to speak, supplied with pearl powder and puff laid in from the hairdresser's at so much per quarter, which, of course, would be a most unwarrantable supposition.

List, oh, list! whilst we this horrid tale unfold. The litigants are A. and B.; the scene the County Court; the judge Russell, Q.C. Plaintiff enjoys the advocacy of Mr. Coventry; defendant that of Mr. R. B. B. Cobbett. The dog who is the subject of this discourse is under a bench, listening attentively to the movements of the lawyers, and occasionally scratching himself with one leg behind the ear, as if he would be dashed if he could make out the drift of the entertainment. The names of the plaintiff and defendant were given, and we call them A. and B. The name of the dog was not given, or if it came out in court it was, from motives of delicacy, suppressed by the reporters, as it might have militated against the future career of D., or have depreciated him in the canine scale.

A was described by his advocate as a gentleman "who was in the habit of purchasing fancy dogs and exhibiting them at shows." This can scarcely be called a bad habit, but we should suppose that it was nevertheless a habit which would in time become rather wearing to the system. B. was a person who ministered to the aforesaid habit. D. was spoken to as having been sold as a fox terrier by B. to A. When the purchase was being negotiated, A. observed that the dog had not much tan on. To which B., the vendor, rejoined, that if the tan on the dog was limited, yet that what tan he had was of a very superior quality—as if nothing but a press of business had prevented his taking out a patent for it. Upon this neat asseveration A. struck his colours, and the dog passed from B. to A.—the "consideration" being £7. It seems that the dog was very clean when the plaintiff made the purchase, which the defendant accounted for by saying that he had recently had him washed; but he did not say that he was warranted to wash, or that he was a washing dog, or that he was a dog of a fast colour. We are informed that, a few days after purchasing the dog, the plaintiff "sent it down to his mill," but whether to be ground or bleached or spun, or whether to worry an operative, or to hang on to the upper lip of a self-acting mule, did not come out in evidence. The dog's proclivity for getting soiled appears to have been so marked, that the plaintiff ordered him to be washed again, and we deeply regret to have to say that the animal belied the trust reposed in him, and changed colour. The tan on his face disappeared, likewise the tan under his tail, which we ought to say he had not placed there for purposes of concealment. Defendant alleged that the dog had deliberately rubbed off the tan for reasons best known to himself; that he was a naughty dog, not to say a nasty beast; and that he should not give the plaintiff his money and take the dog back, thereby affording a covert sanction to duplicity and back-biting. The judge of the County Court appears to have considered it a simple case of hydrophobia. The water had disagreed with the dog, and there was an end of it. The family history of the animal was not known to the defendant, who could not, therefore, be answerable for his having many of the properties of the chameleon, and so the plaintiff must be nonsuited and all costs be allowed to the defendant.

It is not possible to account for the devious intricacies of English law, but the dictum of Mr. Russell seems to us to offer a substantial justification for the wholesale conversion of cock-sparrows into canaries,

and should lead all dealers in yellow ochre to anticipate a considerable rise in the value of that most pleasing and useful colour. We do not for an instant wish to argue that the moral properties of the dog were interfered with or prejudiced by the false colours in which he appeared personally. If, like old dog Tray, he was faithful and was kind in his borrowed plumage, we may be sure that he would remain so when the tan was washed off him. But dogs, like human beings, are sometimes valued for their outward appearance; and it seems rather hard, when you have bought a tanned dog and washed him into a light mauve, that the sudden conversion should not be subject of complaint and satisfaction. The dog in this case was produced in Court, and we should have been pleased to have learnt *his* idea of the situation. We have never thoroughly comprehended the meaning of the adage "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," because a dog can never fairly be held responsible for what his godfathers and godmothers may have done in his baptism, but we hope a similar result did not follow upon the bad colouring of the animal in this suit.

Altogether there is a painful uncertainty about the fate of this dog which the published report of the case by no means clears up. There would appear little now to be left for this dog except the stage. He has not been wilfully deceitful; his tan was not tantamount to a deception, and he ought to have been pronounced by the Judge as leaving the Court without a stain upon his character. As laymen, we should have thought that in this case, as we have had an opportunity of reading it, there was at least a colourable pretext for supposing that a dealer in dogs would know very well whether they were beauties without paint or with, but laymen are so very green, and their verdure, unlike the tan of this dog, is not easily removed. B. will therefore continue to wash his hands in innocence, and A. will wash his dogs with apprehension henceforth and for evermore; and if they want a roughish towel for both operations, they will find one on a roller behind the door of the County Court.

A SUNDAY AT THE EYE HOSPITAL.

WE have worshipped in queer places occasionally, as, for instance, in a rough, unpainted, insect-haunted church, far away from everywhere, high up in the Manx mountains, where the congregation was as quaint and rough as the building, and the singing too much for any description. It was here we witnessed an exciting combat during the Litany between two mice, who emerged respectively from opposite sides of the aisle, and made a simultaneous dash at a peppermint lozenge, dropt by one of the younger worshippers. Fiercely fought the mice over the tempting delicacy, and victory hung suspended in the balance, when lo! a third mouse suddenly peeped out, came forward stealthily and unobserved, made a sudden, quick, successful snatch, and bolted with the prize. It was an episode instructive, curious, and irresistibly comic. There was a collection every Sunday morning, and the collecting-boxes were attached to long handles, box and handle together bearing remarkable resemblance to a wooden warming-pan. Into one of these warming-pans we saw an old Manxman place a shilling, and then deliberately take out, and carefully count, eleven pennies and a halfpenny, nearly all the coin, in fact, already contributed. "No change given" might surely have been inscribed on the warming-pan with good result.

Then we remember worshipping in a Boatman's Bethel, or floating church, on a canal in Cheshire. There was a tremulous uneasy motion all during the service, with an occasional splash of the water against the sides of the boat, and one or two bumps from passing barges. Altogether, we were not sorry when the sermon was over, and we came to the end of our oscillating devotions, having just, but only just, escaped the usual effects of a channel passage.

Then, again, we have worshipped in some curious places abroad, as, for instance, in the Hotel Jungfrau, on the Æggischorn, seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. We worshipped in a cloud, the white mist actually touching the windows of the salle-à-manger where the service was held. Breakfast had been going on from nine till eleven. The last of our sun-burnt and sun-blistered congregation had just finished his omelette and coffee; novels and papers had been laid aside, and the chairs drawn up in order. We had seven or eight clergymen in the hotel. One of them appeared in surplice and stole. He began in the old familiar words, "When the wicked man turneth away," and "Dearly beloved brethren." We were carried away at once to our Manchester home, so many miles away, and to our own church, where the Rev. A. B. C., under whom we have sat for more years than we care to remember, was very probably, at that very moment, addressing the same words to our, for the time being, orphaned family. Thereupon we fell into a train of home thoughts, until suddenly recalled to Switzerland and propriety by a little bit of ritualism on the part of our chaplain, who, forgetful of the difference between a church, with its "fretted roof and sculptured aisle," and the most un-ecclesiastical eating-room wherein he now officiated, must needs turn round at the Creed to an imaginary east, thereby bringing his face into close proximity with the glass door of a cupboard full of plates, tea-cups, tumblers, and other household goods. The effect was peculiar, and our thoughts wandered off again into regions of perplexity, marvelling much at the way in which well-meaning, pious, and otherwise clever men bring ridicule and reproach upon their church, by sacrificing everything for non-essential details of outward ceremonial.

But, curious as have been the places where we have worshipped, we never, until the other Sunday, said our prayers in a laundry. That it *was* a laundry we conclude from a succession of racks for hanging clothes upon, which were capable of being let down by pulleys and drawn up again to the ceiling, in which latter position we now contemplated them. The place had an empty cold look and feel about it. The congregation, numbering about twenty, young and old, sat on three or four rows of wooden benches. There was a portable reading desk for the clergyman, with a big bible and ditto prayer-book on it. The clerk, otherwise the porter of the Hospital, had a chair and little table to himself apart. Beyond, and on each side of, the benches, there was an empty space, and the clergyman's voice raised a hollow echo, making the place seem even larger than it really was. Diversity of creed amongst the patients, and the fluctuating numbers of the congregation, were the reasons given to us for not holding service in one of the wards. We venture to doubt whether these difficulties might not easily be got over. There are several rooms in the Hospital, quite large enough for the number of patients likely to attend service on any one Sunday. One of these rooms might surely be spared, once a week, for half-an-hour, and no Hospital service ought to last longer. The laundry, or drying-room, or whatever it is, where the service is held at present, is cold and dreary—colder, perhaps, in appearance than reality; but then appearance goes a long way. As to interference with creed, there need be none at all. The patients can, most of them, move about. There are sitting-rooms for them, where they have their meals, and at other times gather round the fire and talk. If one of these rooms were appropriated for the thirty minutes' service, it would be no great hardship on the Roman Catholic and Nonconformist patients to retire to their dormitories, or some other room, during this short space of time. But a truce to criticism. We have by no means visited the Hospital, in order to find fault.

The Litany and a fifteen minutes' sermon. The responses in the former given very heartily. The porter-clerk seems hardly needed. During the sermon we are struck with the painful expression on many of the faces. Some have one eye bandaged, a few have both, or a green shade hiding the upper part of the face altogether. Some are restless, and evidently in pain. Some keep putting their hand up, adjusting the bandage, shading their poor weak sight from the light, doing something, anything, for a little change and temporary relief. We have, personally, a greater amount of sympathy for eye-sickness than for any other form of complaint. The extreme delicacy of the organ of vision, the teazing nature of the pain, the constant irritation, the wearisome length of time required for recovery, the darkened room, the enforced idleness, and inability to read, or write, or amuse one's self in any way, even while the rest of the body feels perfectly well—all this we have endured in some slight degree, and accordingly we feel a very tender sympathy for the suffering congregation of the Eye Hospital. There are several children in the front row. Poor little things, it is hard work for them to be quiet, even for half-an-hour. Think how even a child in health suffers from the demon of fidgettiness during any service, then add an inflamed eye, and quietness becomes a miracle. There ought to have been more of the little patients present, but they had hid themselves, and when we entered one of the lavatories, after service, there we found, standing

guiltily in a row behind the door, three small mites, who, instead of echoing that delightful sentiment of Dr. Watts'—

I have been there and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below,

had been "there," but felt no inclination again to go, unless by compulsion.

We were conducted over the building, by the most courteous of all courteous clerks and porters. There are three stories, and the plan of the rooms on each story seems precisely the same, except that on one we were shown into the operation room—grim and ghastly name! We mentally thanked Providence we were there simply as visitors. Two sofas, whereon the patients are laid, and if need be strapped; cabinets full of drawers, and drawers full of instruments; an apparatus for administering chloroform, a galvanic machine to restore animation in case the chloroform should prove too exhausting; sundry basins, lenses, and instrument cases—such was the principal furniture of this "chamber of horrors"—this chamber also of so much blessing, so much relief, to poor suffering humanity. "Ah," observed our guide, pointing to a basin half full of water, which stood on a table close by—"I've seen as many as three eyes in this basin at once, all taken out on the same day, and ready for the doctor to take home and examine." We need scarcely say that extraction of a diseased eye is sometimes necessary in order to preserve the sight of the other.

We were shown two patients who had been operated upon the day before. Both were lying in bed, with their eyes completely bandaged up. Both expressed their thankfulness that it was over—"it"—the operation, dreaded, no doubt, for so long, and yet willingly undergone to escape the livelong and horrible imprisonment of blindness. The bright sunlight was subdued, almost kept away, by green blinds at either end of one long ward. We walked between two rows of beds. Most of the tenants were up, and sitting in the dining-room close by. Here and there, however, there was a figure lying still and motionless, with the tell-tale bandage across the eyes. One poor fellow had come in from an accident, whereby caustic had flown into his face; another from a piece of stone in the eye; another had been operated upon for cataract, and so on. Round the fire in each sitting-room the patients seemed to be chatting, pleasantly enough. There is not much, if any, attempt at decoration on any of the walls. Alas! many of the patients have no eyes at their disposal to gaze on print or painting, and few have more than one wherewith to criticize and admire. Looking, like reading, is an occupation, we should fancy, but sparingly indulged in, or allowed, within the sick-rooms of the Eye Hospital.

On the ground-floor we were shown into the Consulting-room, the waiting-room for patients, and the dark room where the eye is examined by gaslight, through powerful lenses; also into a sort of reception-room, on one side of the entrance hall, comfortably furnished, and hung round with portraits of various eminent oculists and operators on the eye. Among these, the late Dr. Wilson and the present Dr. Windsor, well known to Manchester surgical fame, and not, indeed, to Manchester only. On the table was a book wherein the officiating clergy enter their names from Sunday to Sunday. There is no regular chaplain to the Hospital, but a certain number of the neighbouring clergy take the duty in turn. One gentleman would seem also to attend very often on week days. No better field, surely, for clerical work than a Hospital, especially one like this, where the patients suffer from a local disease, affecting only one part of the body, and leaving them perfectly able, and, we should fancy, exceedingly glad, to exercise the sense which the parson peculiarly wants those whom he visits to exercise—the sense of hearing.

The Hospital will accommodate about sixty patients. From what we could gather, it is generally full, or nearly so. We stept out into the glorious sunshine of an exceptionally fine Sunday afternoon, with a glad remembrance that the Manchester Eye Hospital was one of the sixteen charities pleaded for on Hospital Sunday, and a strong desire to do our little best for the institution, by a short, plain, and unvarnished notice like this which we have written.

SHAKESPERIANA.—The longest of Shakespere's plays is *Hamlet*. It contains 4,058 lines. The next, the Third Part of *Henry VI.*, 3,913 lines. *Coriolanus* follows, with 3,767. The shortest play is the *Comedy of Errors*, 1,807 lines.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE DRAMATIC FESTIVAL.

THE arrangements for the dramatic festival at the Theatre Royal, in aid of the local charities, are stated to be progressing favourably, and probably the programme may be complete before this meets our readers' eyes. Meanwhile, it may be interesting to recall the chief features of the previous festival, when, as now, Mr. Knowles gave the use of the Theatre Royal, free of all expense. The performances took place in June, 1852, and lasted over six nights. The entertainments consisted of the following plays, the principal characters in which were performed by the actors and actresses named:—*King Réne's Daughter:* Iolanthe, Miss Helen Faucit. *The Road to Ruin:* Goldfinch, Mr. James Browne; Young Dornton, Mr. George Vining; Sophia, Miss Rosa Bennett; and the Widow Warren, Mrs. Horsman. *The Wonder:* Don Felix, Mr. Charles Dillon; and *Belphegor*, Mr. C. Dillon. *King Henry the Eighth:* Queen Katherine, Miss Glyn. Sheridan Knowles's *The Wife:* Julian St. Pierre, Mr. E. L. Davenport (America); Mariana, Miss Fanny Vining. *Black Eyed Susan:* William, Mr. Davenport; Gnatbrain, Mr. John Wood; Susan, Miss F. Vining; and Dolly Mayflower, Mrs. John Wood. *The Young Couple*, by the Bateman Children. Miss Kate Bateman (Leah) was then eight years of age. Miss Vandenhoff's play of *The Woman's Heart*, with Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff and Mr. Barry Sullivan in their original characters. This last-named performance drew the largest audience of the week, the receipts amounting to £218.

THE MANCHESTER ARTISTS' EXHIBITION.

The Exhibition of the pictures, drawings, and sketches of the members of the Academy of Arts, at the Royal Institution, closed on Saturday afternoon. An effort to obtain an extension of time proved unsuccessful. As far as can be ascertained, the sales were as follows:—

		£	s.	d.
Fruit Market, Milan	Selim Rothwell	36	15	0
Bed-time	Warwick Brookes	15	15	0
Pen and Pencil Sketches	Do.	15	15	0
Northumbrian Fisher Girl	A. H. Marsh	15	15	0
Rydal in Winter	William Hull	15	15	0
Kirkstone Pass	Do.	12	12	0
Whitby Harbour	F. A. Winkfield	8	8	0
Bolton Abbey	H. H. Hadfield	8	8	0
On the Wharfe	Do.	8	8	0
Kirby Lonsdale Bridge	William Hull	4	4	0
On the Irwell	William Morton	4	4	0
Hale Shore	Do.	4	4	0
A Drover	Do.	4	4	0
Sketches	F. A. Winkfield	3	13	6
Trefrw	George Hayes	3	3	0
Conway	Do.	3	3	0
Lledr Valley	Do.	3	3	0
Trees at Gloddaeth	Do.	3	3	0
Head	Elias M. Bancroft	2	2	0

A great number of the works shown, including all those by Mr. Joseph Knight and Mr. Sheffield, were not for sale, having been disposed of before the exhibition. Mr. Selim Rothwell, we believe, received several commissions for drawings from his Italian sketches, and commissions were also given to Mr. Measham for portraits. Considering that the exhibition was only open four days, these results may be regarded as extremely satisfactory, while by the number and quality of the collection the Academy has this year made a decided advance in public estimation.

STATE OF EDUCATION IN MANCHESTER.

Mr. Fearon's report to the Committee of Council on the state of education for the poorer classes in Manchester (the main portion of which was usefully republished in the *Guardian* of Saturday last) is a document of great value and importance. The Rev. Joseph Nunn has, of course, entered the field to cast discredit upon Mr. Fearon's statistics: upon whose statistics is he not prepared to cast discredit? But there is every reason to believe that the figures of the government commissioner may be confidently accepted as a very close approximation to the truth, and consequently that his deductions and conclusions are in the main sound. Briefly, they may be thus stated:—First. That the present school accommodation is inadequate. "On the highest calculation,

there are 20,841, and on the lowest 12,297 children of the poorer classes in Manchester who are not on the roll of any school whatever;" and if their parents were disposed to send them there is not a sufficiency of day schools to meet the demand that would then arise. That is conclusion of the first. The second is that "the educational clauses of the recent labour acts have in Manchester had no appreciable educational effect whatever." In this respect, the Workshops Regulation Act is almost a dead letter; so is the recent extension of the Factory Act. Even under the old factory acts there are only 778 children at school, and under all the labour acts together only 811. So that this indirect mode of compulsion is practically useless, and it also has, as Mr. Fearon shows, very serious drawbacks in various ways. Again, we gather that there are 37 schools in Manchester, professing to teach some 1,700 scholars, which are totally unfit for the purpose; and that the education given in the 187 schools under government inspection is greatly superior to that given in the majority of the 94 schools which are not under inspection. On the whole, Mr. Fearon does not consider the state of elementary education in Manchester as at all satisfactory, especially regarding it as a city which "has been so long occupied by an industrious and not fluctuating population of superior intelligence, and in receipt of good and regular wages."

THEATRICAL NOTES.

A younger sister of Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Watts (the Misses Kate and Ellen Terry) will shortly appear upon the stage. Miss Madge Robertson and Mr. Kendal have been performing this week at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, in a new three act comedy by Mr. Arthur Sketchley, entitled *Blanche*. At the same theatre, an original drama, *Under the Ban*, written by Mr. W. M. Duckworth, a Liverpool author, has recently been performed. It appears to be a work of considerable merit and greater promise.

MR. EVERILL AND MR. COMPTON.

Mr. F. Everill, the popular Manchester actor, has accepted an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, London, and will appear there in July. We shall be sorry to lose Mr. Everill, but he will doubtless be a great acquisition to the Haymarket Company. At the same time, Mr. Compton's secession from the Company will be much felt, particularly when they visit the provinces and perform the old standard comedies. Latterly, the pieces produced at the Haymarket have not contained parts for Mr. Compton, and he has only appeared in farces at the beginning and end of the performance—"playing," as the phrase goes, "the audience in and out." This accomplished comedian, as we have previously announced, will commence his engagement at the Prince's Theatre in August next.

ENGLISH ACTRESSES IN AMERICA.

Theatre-goers will remember Miss Pauline Markham, who used to play at our Prince's Theatre, as a good-looking actress of no particular ability, whose principal histrionic qualifications consisted in the contour of those portions of the human form divine which are upon the stage encased in tights. But one would not have suspected her of being a rowdy. The climate of America appears, however, to exercise an extraordinary influence upon the character. Success has also done its share to desecrate Miss Markham. Nobody particular in Manchester, transplanted to New York, she at once became everybody. All male humanity lay prostrate at her feet—the feet at the extremity of the tights. In conjunction with Miss Lydia Thompson, Miss Weber—late of our Theatre Royal—a young lady with two similarly excellent histrionic qualifications—and a few others, Miss Markham has been making a sort of triumphal progress through the States. Arrived at Chicago, however, the *Chicago Times* appears to have denounced the exhibition of the special histrionic talents of these ladies, whereupon Miss Thompson and Miss Markham cowhided the editor, got taken up by the police, and fined a hundred dollars each. It is satisfactory to find that there is in America such an institution as a police-court. From most accounts, we should have doubted it. To the court, however, were the ladies taken; but they comforted themselves, it is reported, with the observation that they had publicly exposed and branded their detractor. It seems quite to have escaped the ladies' notice that they have publicly exposed and branded themselves.

[STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.]

THE UNDERTAKER.

THIS is a subject that ought to have been treated 300 years ago by Montaigne, and to have been allowed to mellow in the volume of the Essays which bears his name. A first-rate topic this would have been for him. We think so, perhaps, because his discourses about death are so tranquil and so courageous. Montaigne, apparently, had thought it all out about the grim enemy; rather too much as an animal, perhaps, and less as a theologian. I have always regretted that he did not leave us a discourse about the painful functionary whose title is my present text. I do not rush to fill this hypothetical hiatus. The Undertaker came upon my list and I had to tackle him, as he will tackle me some day; I am dealing with him regardless of expense, whilst, in his treatment of me, expense will form a leading item in the entertainment.

I used to travel occasionally with an Undertaker in coming into town by rail in a morning. He was then, of course, in his private capacity, and amenable to reason and the free interchange of opinion about the weather. Out of respect to past and future corpses he always wore a white choker, as expressive of a general sympathy with the bereaved relatives of the world at large. His features were rubicund, but whether from bodies or spirits I never could make out, though I leaned a little towards the latter, and had I been called upon to give it a name, I should have murmured, as if down a speaking-tube—rum—not navy—Jamaica—the best. He was a mild man in speech, and advanced what views he had in a very retail draper style, as if treating of black silk across a counter. After I got to know him, his personal attentions and little politenesses to me caused me some embarrassment. I thought I observed him one morning taking my measure, and I am not sure that his mind's eye was not indulging a little in that direction, but I refrained from taxing him with it, or from offering him any personal violence in consequence. Still, I confess I did not like his saying to me on one occasion that I appeared to have a very bad cough. He placed his hand in his waistcoat pocket simultaneously, as I fancied to feel for his professional card, but it was only to offer me a lozenge, which I refused—rather discourteously, I am afraid. Whenever Dr. Hoyle joined the train—he was always called, by the local humourists, Train Hoyle, to distinguish him from his brother, Dr. Castor Hoyle—the Undertaker in question was always very cordial with him, and his eye lighted up with real feeling when they met. He would have liked to have asked the doctor what there was in the wind, and no doubt would have done so had they been alone. Hickory—which was the name of the Undertaker—always gave me the idea that he would have buried Hoyle gratuitously, such was his respect for his abilities as a man and his qualifications as a physician. I am far from insinuating, however, that the doctor had any commission or head money on the parties who— You catch my meaning, but will oblige me by not mentioning it.

After all, this profession or calling has to be undertaken, and we ought to feel grateful I suppose to those who find their account in it. But an analysis of their feelings when trade is slack would not inspire us with kindly sentiments towards them, since they could hardly help resenting the obstinacy of their fellows, and the apparent pause in the axiom that all flesh is grass. Life to the undertaker, as to the moralist, can scarcely be a cheerful manifestation. To the former it must, on the contrary, be a melancholy topic, and he must look upon most of us as annuitants who could not be complimented upon their behaviour. Then to have to suppress these emotions constantly, and even to struggle with them in many instances, must be rather up-hill work.

To have to put on a melancholy haviour of visage when a good job looms in the distance; to have to work up the friends to an adequate estimate, in crape and cheap silk, of him they have lost; to have to tell them that proper respect to the deceased was utterly inconsistent with a pair of screws (by which I mean horses), and that four quadrupeds, who had apparently been partaking so freely of raw ostrich that the feathers were sticking out of their ears, could alone do the *nil nisi bonum* business for them—this surely must be a toilsome pastime. The only excuse one can make for it, as for many other pastimes, is that it pays.

But my complaint against the Undertaker is, that he takes advantage of a very tender period in family history to exaggerate the attributes of his calling; that on such occasions he has no mercy; and that helpless women and helpless children are many a time and oft obliged to put up with the loss of actual comforts in order that their husband and father may go to his long home with many of the accompaniments of a travelling circus. I have before me now an instance in which it is no exaggeration to say that a year's income of a bereaved family was lavished upon the funeral of its head. We had no less than twenty horses, or ostriches, pawing and nodding at the door of the residence. The reason was that the widow had been beguiled by Hickory, and that Hickory had dictated all this paltry pomp for one of the simplest and most unostentatious men that ever died. It is not to be wondered at that men of sense and prudence now so frequently give specific instructions against this silly vanity, and gag the cormorant Undertaker beforehand. I wish I could think the mischief were abating, but I fear it is not. It seems as if a blank cheque were in most cases given to the Undertaker, and he were called upon himself to put this ridiculous appraisement upon the merits of the departed and the sorrows of the bereaved. It is really almost like rehearsing one's own obsequies to be asked to attend a modern funeral of the "expensive" sort. To be well nigh smothered in black silk—silk on your shoulders, silk in a cataract down your back—to have your hat snatched out of your hand by a healthy young man with a sherry odour about him, and to have it returned to you in gorgeous woe, so that you do not recognize your old castor again as he is propped up amongst his fellows in the hall—to have a glove box handed to you as if it contained kid biscuits which you could masticate at your leisure—to be entreated to real biscuits and unreal port at ten o'clock in the morning—all the blinds down—all the domestics moving about as if they were cats—and then to have your sharpened sense of hearing assailed by a dull, heavy, sullen banging of wood against the bannisters of the stair, as if a dead conjurer were trying to get an invisible canal boat off the premises, and blundering in his task—seems to me at all events an additional pang to the dart of the arch enemy.

I would that this dreadful waste of feeling and of substance could be avoided, but reform in this direction will come very slowly, simply because reform would in many cases be thought to mean indifference and inattention to those towards whom, at that especial season, we want to pay unusual honour. But honour and duty at so much a yard, a horse, or a wheel, seems a rather coarse material. The foibles which lead the living to trail costly robes in the street mud may scarcely hesitate to bedizen the dead with grotesque surroundings, and to pile up the haberdashery agony until the smile extinguishes the tear, and so round off and complete the social nonsense. In these matters we may, therefore, get worse before we get better, and in the former process we may safely calculate upon the cordial co-operation of the Undertaker.

WHAT TO EAT, AND HOW TO COOK IT.

MORE ABOUT DINING.

HAVING reached the region of butchers'-meat, it would be an error to leave it under the impression that joints constituted the whole of the kingdom, when they may be said to represent only the large towns. There are delicious villages, hamlets, and country nooks yet, where we may spend days and days, and yet feel that we have no more fully explored nature's treasury than we have exhausted the cook's century of inventions.

That noble animal the horse we decline to recognise in connection with our subject, further than as the swiftly-trotting steed of the butcher's boy, or the motive power of his rattling shandry-dan. If the mere fact of dealing in him is sufficient to account for a total suspension of the ordinary rules of morality in an otherwise well regulated mind, what may not the eating of him lead to? And he is said to be an agent in the production of crime only second to what Councillor Thompson would call Alcohol!

In our last lucubration, look you, on joints, we recorded our distinct preference for a good piece of ribs of beef, viewing the sirloin as second in order. No doubt many of our readers would reverse the order, but considering the style of table for which we write, we think we have excellent good reason for our opinion. The under-cut of a sirloin is, no doubt, tender and good, but give a piece of say seven or eight pounds to a table of three or four, and, in homely phrase, say "Well, you see your dinner." It is the merest chance in the world if there is enough of the underside for them; but if not, and the probability is against it, what are you—the carver—to do? Except you fling economy to the winds, you can only carve thin slices across the coarse end of the piece, and make them take the rough with the smooth, for coarse indeed it is, and there is at least as much of it as of the tender "fillet" part, thanks to the flagitious and nefarious practice of the modern butcher. This coarse end has really no business in the piece at all; it belongs to another part, which is, or should be, sold at sevenpence, but of course the more the butcher can sell of it at tenpence or elevenpence a pound the more he pockets "the browns," and laughs, literally, in his sleeves. Now, when you have dined off a ribs, it is quite certain that what you have left for the next day is quite as good as what you have eaten, but we think no one can say the like of a sirloin under similar circumstances. Of the latter you have nothing left on the underside except some cold suet, and the bones are covered on the upper side with a gristle-edged piece of firm, close-grained meat, which it is very difficult to carve, and is comparatively tasteless when cut. The old plan was to cut it lengthwise, as you would ribs, but it is better, if not a very large piece, to cut it across, as you did yesterday the underside, and in like manner serve a slice of the coarse end with it. You may if you like, and we almost advise it, now cut the end lengthwise. The fat which you will cut with it looks better, and in these matters looks go a great way. But if you have ribs cold to deal with on the second day, we don't know whether you haven't got a better dish than on the first day. We are exceedingly partial to cold roast beef, especially in summer, and if there be any benighted reader unacquainted with the mysteries of "fat," let him begin here with cold beef. Try a little at once, and he will, we doubt not, soon "all the harmony unwind." We had, as a boy, taken a notion that we couldn't eat fat, and were, very wisely, not pressed to do so; but the taste for it came by degrees, and has never left us. Jack Sprat and his wife always appeared to us an inconsistent and uncomfortable couple, for although, to quote the somewhat rough diction of their bard,

> Between them both
> They lick'd the platter clean,

they must, if they dined together, each have wondered, with mingled curiosity and abhorrence, at the other's meal. Probably they fed separately, as there is only one—*the*—platter, a compound of dish and plate, mentioned.

With cold beef we prefer, in winter, potatoes only; not your "boiled potato," but fried in slices, mashed, or roast'. In summer, out of all the variety, the only green cooked vegetable which we recommend with cold beef is asparagus—the sparrow-grass of commerce. But there is salad. Now of salad, it is a necessity that it should be fresh, and that

it should consist of something more than a lettuce or even two lettuces, which is the extent of some people's salad imagination. Lettuce, mustard and cress, radishes, a very few young onions, a little parsley, mint, and sorrel ought to be found in a salad. If the radishes are fresh, some of the tops may be added, but use the root sparingly, or, like Macbeth's spectral king, 'twill "rise again with undiminished head." All these should be well washed and shaken dry, not brought to table dripping wet, as they so often are, and the dressing not mixed with them, but so that each person may use as much or little as he likes. We like to mix our own at table. The yolk of a hard-boiled egg become quite cold, rubbed first into a paste and by degrees into a cream, with a little mustard, vinegar, and perfectly sweet oil, and seasoned with salt and a few grains of cayenne, makes the best dressing, and each person can easily make it for himself. Some of our "insulars" object to oil. We deplore the fact, but admit it. Cream is said to be a substitute for oil, but it is a poor one. There are, however, other things besides cold beef to which salad is an excellent companion. Lamb, for instance, whether hot or cold, but particularly a steak; and if you have your steak in town you can prepare your dressing while the steak is a-cooking. That is, if they will supply you with the materials. But we distrust the restaurant's little plateful of chopped greenstuff, soaked in something between cream and furniture oil, and crowned with a slice of beet "to give it an air," and insist upon having the vegetables whole, or only partially broken. For salad of all kinds, especially lettuce, should be broken by the hand, or at most cut with some wooden instrument, but never with metal; and, if we can't get the wherewithal for dressing, we take our dinner of herbs and contentment therewith for sauce.

There is one great question at stake in connection with this subject, and that is—butter. How often have we, when dining at the chop-house of the Tom, Dick, or Harry of the period, been horrified by our *vis-a-vis* at the table on getting his steak, which he had carefully ordered without fat, proceeding forthwith to spread it thick—we don't use the adverb, for the adjective seems more intense—*thick* over with butter, and pressing it into the meat as if resolved utterly to destroy and do away with the proper original flavour of the meat itself. "Don't you see," we have often been tempted to enquire, "don't you see that you are labouring to get rid of the very qualities which first commended the article to man's notice as being good for food? That you are changing that which was appetizing, succulent, nutritious, into a mass of mere animal fibre and coagulated albumen, vapid, indigestible, and bilious?" Then the caitiff will perhaps deluge it with Domdaniel Sauce, or some such disgusting compound (we wonder if he knows what it is made of, or if he ever saw it made), and then, perhaps, with more butter to his potato, he will eat up the whole in three minutes, and, after despatching the remainder of his bread, plastered with as much butter as it will inconveniently hold, he rushes off and complains in the intervals of business, with tears in his eyes, of dyspepsy! The next day, perhaps, he has a chop "for a change;" and, after cutting away as well as he may every particle of fat, he proceeds with butter and abominations as before. We have been driven by such objectionable sights as these, at some inconvenience to ourself, from the chop-house and restaurant, and, notwithstanding the poet to the contrary, have not found our warmest welcome at an inn, but at home.

The crockery at most of these restaurants is usually clean and serviceable, and the knives clean and keen, but the rest is bad. Our stout or half-an'-half we imbibe from its "native pewter," without that weak and perilous invention of the teetotaller, a glass bottom to it, but with our modest occasional measure of Bordeaux or Burgundy we are supplied with a pink or green glass, as if it were not part of the pleasure to see the glorious colour of the nectar and the various tints of the "beaded bubbles winking at the brim." The table cloth, too, any time after half-past twelve, is dowlas, filthy dowlas—crumby, salt-incrusted, and beer-stained, with comet-shaped splashes of mustard, sauces, and gravy. Napkins are unknown, and the plate and plated articles of the auctioneer's advertisement are frequently not even upon what Traddles called a Britannia-metal footing. Whatever good our forefathers got by King William saving them from the perils of brass money has been avenged by the German silver of his Hanoverian successors. Not, however, that all the Toms, Dicks, and Harrys sin in all the particulars of offence, and we are writing of no one institution whatever, but, except great amendment have been made, all the faults may be seen next Tuesday, without necessarily visiting all the dining places in search of them.

Then, on the score of expense, your plain dinner in town is 2s., with a pint of beer or phial of Medoc 2s. 6d., which a subsequent cigar and coffee, or "drop of whisky," raises to 3s. 6d.; and this day after day. The average share of each person of the butcher's bill for a well ordered but careful table, such as we endeavour to describe, is *fourpence half-penny!* At this price you may dine well, and as your household must be kept up, whether you are at home or not, there is your clean napery, your bright glass and silver—silver, mind you—and no unasked society to face you. As much beer as will do you good cannot—drawn from your own cask—cost you more than twopence, malt duty, grains of paradise, and other unnumbered horrors notwithstanding. And if the hotel cigar is sweeter "than the cherry" tube or the breath of the briar, why—put Mynheer before our name, and may the name of our native town exit in 'dam!

THE COMING BILLIARD MATCH.

I.—THE CHAMPION.

AS the time draws near for the meeting of the great billiard players, the champion and the ex-champion, in the Free Trade Hall—their first encounter since the memorable contest in St. James's Hall, London—the anticipatory interest in the event increases proportionately; so much so, that Messrs. Orme, the promoters of the match, have found it necessary to transfer the scene of the conflict from the assembly room to the large hall, in order to accommodate a much larger number of spectators than was originally expected to muster on the occasion. It will perhaps not be considered inopportune, especially as ladies are to be present for the first time at a public match, if we place upon record a sketch of the career of the two competitors, commencing with that of the youthful champion, and following it next week with a notice of the elder Roberts, who so long retained and only so recently lost the leadership of the billiard world.

William Cook was born on the 15th of June, 1849. Of his early life little is known. Until within the last two years, we might almost say the last twelve months, his name did not appear very prominently even on billiard records. In 1869 he rushed to the front with astonishing rapidity, and, having led the others, he rushed in front of himself. He attributes great importance to the fact of his leading a quiet life compared with billiard players generally, and very wisely he takes care of his health. Perhaps to this, together with unflinching perseverance, we may ascribe his early and splendid success.

In February, 1868, Cook and the ex-Champion played their first match, at Malvern. Roberts conceded 350 points in a thousand to his young opponent, but was beaten by eighteen points. Cook's largest break was 55, and Roberts's 87. In a second match, two months later, Cook received 300 in a thousand, and won by 540 points. In a third match, at the Oval, they again met on the same terms, and with the same result, Cook winning by 405 points; and in a fourth match, also at the Oval, a month afterwards, Roberts was again distanced, and the future Champion added another victory to his log. Previous to the great match in St. James's Hall, Cook had played about twenty matches with Roberts, and in the majority of them he had played with the winning cue. In all these games, however, he received points, and it was not until they contested the Championship that these accomplished billiardists met on even terms.

In December, 1868, John Roberts junior, son of the then Champion, played with Cook at the Bentinck Club, and, after an even game, won by 92 points; but in St. James's Hall, three months afterwards, the tables were turned, and Cook proved victorious by 323 points. Then came the series of exhibition matches between these players, which brought Cook so prominently to the front, and proved such excellent trainipg for the great race which he intended to run. On the evening of Tuesday, October 19th, 1869, Cook played his memorable game with John Roberts junior, at the Assembly Rooms, Moss Side. It was perhaps the finest example of billiard playing ever seen, and from that time Cook was looked upon as the coming man. Hitherto, John Roberts senior had surpassed the best performances of all others in three particulars: he had executed 104 consecutive spot-strokes; had made 346 points in a break, and had played a game of a thousand up

in one hour and fifty-six minutes. Now, however, Cook had surpassed him. He had made 112 consecutive spot-strokes, had scored 359 in a break, and had played a game of a thousand up in one hour and thirty-eight minutes. On the following morning Cook awoke and found himself famous. From that evening the ripple of his fame circled itself round the world, and now, even in the remotest corner of the globe, thousands of little ripples are gurgling over the records of his matchless play. Yet the future had even brighter works in store for him. He has since surpassed himself. On one occasion, when playing with John Roberts junior, in Liverpool, he made 77 consecutive spot-strokes, and scored 351 in a break. In another match, in Manchester, with the same player, he made 95 consecutive spot-strokes, and scored 367 in a break. In a third match with Roberts, at Nottingham, he again made 112 spot-strokes, and 394 in a break; and in playing with Joseph Bennett, in Purssell's Rooms, he made 119 spot-strokes and a total break of 388. Still he went on extending himself, and people who had wondered at what he had done wondered more. His challenge to the old Champion had gone forth, and at last the veteran took down his cue. It took him some weeks to chalk it; some said he had gone into training for the event; both lived carefully and practised long. Opinions were divided. Hero-worshippers are slow to take down their gods; and those who had sworn by Roberts for twenty years remained at his shrine now. Others, who had seen his young opponent play his extraordinary games and had watched him day by day, believed in no one else. The contest was fought in London on the 12th of February last, and at its close the sceptre had been transferred to the hands of one who was and is yet an infant in the eye of the law.

Since then, Cook has played a number of matches, and has added further evidence of his wonderful skill. On the Monday following the great game in St. James's Hall, he played John Roberts, jun., a match of a thousand up, in Manchester, and beat him by 31 points. It was a slow game, and Cook's largest break did not exceed 75 points. Again, at Dewsbury, on the fifteenth of February, he proved the victor by 282 points. The largest breaks were—Cook 125, with 34 spots, 53, 94, 72, 125, and 72; Roberts 60, 64, 51, 73, and 46. Again, at Liverpool, on the seventeenth of February, the same players met, and Roberts was beaten by 480 points. The largest breaks were—Cook 77, 92, 134, and 373; Roberts 108. On the twenty-first of February, Cook played W. Dufton, at Walworth, gave 200 in a thousand, made breaks of 113, 82, 84, and 149, and won by 229 points. On the eighteenth of February he was beaten by J. Roberts, jun., at Chester, by 370 points; his largest break was under 100. On the Wednesday following he played Joseph Bennett, at Notting Hill, made breaks of 107, 90, and 61, and won by 186 points. The next day he played John Bennett, at Kingston-on-Thames, conceded 400 points in a thousand, made breaks of 75, 60, and 50, and was beaten by 144 points. Several other matches were also played between the 12th and 24th of February, and were generally won by Cook. Then came his match with W. Dufton at Aylesbury, on the 25th. He conceded 250 points, made breaks of 108, 81, 95, 140, and an unfinished one of 291, and won by 540 points. At the request of the spectators the unfinished break was proceeded with, when Cook continued to score until he had made 137 consecutive spot strokes and scored a total break of 417—the largest he had ever made. Scarcely had the report gone forth that he had broken into his fifth hundred than news came that he had passed it. At Totnes, on Friday, March 4th, he made the enormous break of 512, and, with the exception of one intervening cannon, he made 167 consecutive spot strokes. He has now exceeded the highest score any player ever made by 166 points, but whether he has reached his limit, it would be mere speculation to say. So completely has he changed our ideas of what is possible in billiards, that we should scarcely feel surprised if he won a thousand game in a break, and looked upon his opponent as a spectator. There cannot be a doubt that he is, as we a month ago pronounced him to be, the finest living player that the world ever saw, and whoever takes the championship from him on equal terms, will deserve the title and the reward.

The two best pyramid players in England are John Roberts, jun., and William Cook, jun. Opinions are divided as to which is the finest player, but we think there is very little between them. Than young John Roberts there is no better long hazard striker living; and, as he is both a skilful and a careful player, it requires an extraordinary pyramidist to beat him. He and Cook have frequently played together, and, looking at the result of their games, we are inclined to think Cook does not distance Roberts in pyramids as he undoubtedly has done, and can do, in billiards. The Champion's first pyramid match was with D. Richards, an excellent player, but who proved unable to defeat his formidable opponent. His second match was with J. Roberts, jun., who proved the victor. These players have met since the contest for the championship, to play a course of 21 games. After two hours and four minutes, Roberts was declared the winner by two games. The next time they meet, however, the decision may be reversed, as it has been on former occasions. He on whom the greatest share of luck falls will win.

Cook has handled the pen as well as the cue. A few weeks since he contributed to the *Sporting Life* a series of articles on "the modern practice of billiards." They were clearly written, and conveyed in few words many very useful hints to billiard players. In speaking of himself his tone is modest and unaffected, and the graceful manner in which he writes of the late Champion, from whom he freely admits he has learnt much, has gained for him the good opinion of his readers. As in his writing, so in his conversation he is unaffected, and his manner is modest and unassuming. He has done more than any other to make the game of billiards popular, and has, as a representative of his class, raised that class to a higher place.

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

AS Louis Burger, the author and philologist, was walking in the Avenue des Champs Elysées, one day during the Exhibition in Paris, he heard a familiar voice exclaiming, "Buy some nuts of a poor man, sir; twenty for a penny!"

"What!" said Burger, looking up, and recognising his old barber, "are you selling nuts?"

"Ah, sir, I have been unfortunate," was the reply.

"But this is no business for a man like you," said Burger.

"Oh, sir, if you could only tell me of something better to do!" returned the barber, with a sigh.

Burger was touched. He reflected a moment; then tearing a leaf from his memorandum-book, he wrote for a few moments, and handed it to the man, saying, "Take this to a printing-office, and have a hundred copies struck off; here is the money to pay for it. Get a license from the Prefecture of the Police, and sell them at two sous a copy, and you will have bread on the spot. The strangers who visit Paris cannot refuse thia tribute to the name of God, printed in so many different ways."

The barber did as he was bid, and was always seen in the entrance to the Exhibition, selling the following hand-bill:—

THE NAME OF GOD IN FORTY-EIGHT LANGUAGES.

Hebrew, *Elohim* or *Eloah.*	Freneh, *Dieu.*	Slavic, *Buch.*
Chaldaic, *Elah.*	Spanish, *Dios.*	Polish, *Bog.*
Assyrian, *Ellah.*	Portuguese, *Deos.*	Polaca, *Bung.*
Syriac and Turkish, *Alah.*	Old German, *Diet.*	Lapp, *Jubinal.*
Malay, *Alla.*	Provencal, *Diou.*	Finnish, *Jumala.*
Arabic, *Allah.*	Low Breton, *Doue.*	Runic, *As.*
Language of the Magi, *Orsi.*	Italian, *Dio.*	Pannonian, *Istu.*
Old Egyptian, *Teut.*	Irish, *Die.*	Zemblian, *Fetizo.*
Armorian, *Teuti.*	Olala tongue, *Deu.*	Hindostanee, *Kain.*
Modern Egyptian, *Tenn.*	German and Swiss, *Gott.*	Coromandel, *Brama.*
Greek, *Theos.*	Flemish, *Goed.*	Tartar, *Magatal.*
Cretan, *Thios.*	Dutch, *Godt.*	Persian, *Sire.*
Æolian and Doric, *Ilos.*	English and old Saxon, *God.*	Chinese, *Prussa.*
Latin, *Deus.*	Teutonic, *Goth.*	Japanese, *Goezur.*
Low Latin, *Diex.*	Danish and Swedish, *Gut*	Madasgascar, Zannar.
Celtic and old Gallic, *Diu.*	Norwegian, *Gud.*	Peruvian, *Puchocamac.*

A few days after Burger met the barber.

"Well," said he, "has the holy name of God brought you good luck?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," said the barber. "I sell on an average a hundred copies a day at two sous each, or ten francs; but the strangers are generous; some give me ten sous, others twenty. I have even received two francs for a copy; so that, all told, I am making five-and-twenty francs a day."

"Five-and-twenty francs a day!" said Burger.

"Yes, sir; thanks to your kindness," he replied.

"The deuce!" thought Burger as he walked away. "If I were not a literary man I would turn peddler or publisher; there is nothing so profitable as selling the learning or wit of others."

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A SCHOOLMASTER IN QUEENSLAND.

WE have been favoured with a copy of a letter from a gentleman (M. S. R. D) who formerly conducted an academy in the Adelphi Crescent Terrace, Salford, and who, having been compelled to emigrate by stress of circumstances and for the sake of his health, has resumed his old occupation as a schoolmaster at Toowoomba, in Queensland. Some of the passages remind one of the *Swiss Family Robinson*, and are of sufficient general interest to warrant quotations :—

Toowoomba, Dec. 18th, 1869.

* * * We are most pleasantly and comfortably located. Our voyage, as far as weather was concerned, was quite a pleasure trip; we had only twenty-four hours rough weather during the whole time. But life in the steerage of an emigrant vessel is not quite elysium. However, that is all past. It has proved well worth our while to come so far, for we have found here peace and comfort, strangers to us for so long a time at home. * * I found business of all kinds very slow in the Colony Agencies, by which I had thought to get my living here at a discount; so I took my introductions to the Bishop, and he introduced me to the General Inspector of Schools under the Board of Education; and here I am in charge of a school situated, thanks to the Inspector's kind consideration for my health, in the most beautiful part of the colony, and in a climate which I think cannot be excelled in the world. We are on the Darling Downs; the plateau on the summit of the dividing range 2,050 feet above the sea level. The vine, peach, orange, lemon, not only flourish but abound. The sun is powerful at mid-day, but there is always a cool breeze, and the mornings and evenings are charming. Brisbane and many other parts of the colony are very hot. With regard to my position:—The Rising Sun Hotel (do not allow the grand title to raise in your mind any idea of an English hotel) was bought by the Board of Education, and is now converted into a school and master's residence. It stands on the forest road, eight miles from Toowoomba, It consists of four rooms in a row with a verandah in front (*all* houses here have verandahs), and five bedrooms behind them. Two of the four have been converted into a school room. At the back is a large kitchen—detached—a four stalled stable, cow house, piggeries, fowl-house, stock-yard, a two-and-a-half acre garden, and twenty acres of forest land fenced in. This, with £100 a year, is not bad for a beginning. I may be described as being scholastico-bucolic; now planting the seeds of knowledge in the cute minds of young colonials, then putting Indian corn into the rich soil of our paddock. You may carry on the figure in the matter of weeds and I don't know in which soil they flourish most. We already have quite a farm-yardy appearance about us; goats and kids, fowls, of which the good wife is sole proprietress, some sixty or so, a nice mare who is the joy of the boys' hearts, and pigs and a cow are to come. We shall soon have all sorts of vegetables and fruits in the garden—pumpkins, melons, cucumbers, tomatos, potatoes, and I know not what, all of our own setting. We thought to dig it all ourselves, but after doing half of it, we had to get the other half ploughed.

Now, dear doctor, don't you think, to use a vulgar but forcible expression, that this licks Salford altogether. Splendid beef at 3d. a pound; a leg of mutton for 1s. 6d. There are no eighteenpenny legs of mutton in Manchester. When one is thirsty it is fine to bury one's nose in a huge juicy melon. Clothes, crockery, and furniture are dear. We have plenty of clothes and don't want much crockery or veneer. My wife had her drapery goods arranged in one of our rooms, and the sewing machine is grinding away, executing orders for finery for the farmers' wives of the neighbourhood. The houses are thinly scattered about us. I have had to ride many a mile to the various farms to announce the opening of the school. Many of the farmers are Germans. We can see our nearest neighbour's house in the distance by going out on the road. So you see we are not crowded here. The boys enjoy their life amazingly. They can handle the axe, fell and burn logs, shoot kangaroos, (which abound here) catch parrots and laughing jackasses, split rails, put up a fence, and do all sorts of colonial work already. They caught a fruit-eating bear the other night. He was soon stript of his skin, which by general acclamation was allotted to Dr.——. They hope to be able to send you a box of birds and other skins, some emu eggs and other sundries someday.

PRETTY BUT SHORT.—Sir Walter Scott once stated that he kept a lowland laird waiting for him in the library at Abbotsford, and that when he came in he found the laird deep in a book, which Sir Walter perceived to be Johnson's Dictionary. "Well Mr. ——," said Sir Walter, "how do you like your book?"—"They're vera pretty stories, Sir Walter," replied the laird; "but they're unco short."

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—The *Winter's Tale* will be reproduced at the Prince's Theatre on Monday evening, for Mrs. Calvert's annual benefit. It is pretty well known that this admirably mounted drama had to be withdrawn whilst yet at the height of its attractiveness, owing to the engagements previously made with Mr. Phelps, Mr. Toole, and others, and many will doubtless be glad to have the opportunity of seeing the revival during the ensuing week. Two or three changes of importance will be made in the cast, Mr. Wainwright essaying the part of the rogue Autolycus, Mr. Edmonds that of the old Shepherd, and Miss Neilson that of Paulina. Mrs. Calvert, will, of course, appear as Hermione, and Mr. Calvert as Leontes, all the other characters, with one or two minor exceptions, remaining as before. We trust the fair *beneficiare* will be greeted on the occasion by a crowded house.

ERRATUM.—In the article on Mr. Barry Sullivan last week, the sentence referring to the death of King John as portrayed by Mr. Macready—"a scene of infinite horror, but redeemed from *all pensiveness* by the genius of the actor," should read "redeemed from offensiveness by the genius of the actor."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED.—G. S.; E. A. O' G.; J. B.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

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A Packet will be sent (post free) for 15 or 36 stamps.

'How full of briars is this work-a-day world"—*Shakspere.*
THE Largest and Best Assortment of Briar PIPES is at the LITTLE SHOP kept by SAMUEL LAMB, the Patentee of the Manchester Pipe, 20 CROSS STREET (two doors from the New Exchange), Manchester. Sole Depôt of G. B. D., à Paris.

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These Bottles are *each fitted* with *six* inches of the best Rubber Tubing and Seamless Teats.
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Exhibited his celebrated Novelty, which forms Five distinct Carriages, viz.: as Vis-a-vis, to drive from the inside. Ditto for Coachman. Ditto Close Carriage, with or without Driving Seat. Ditto Barouche Head.
The only maker in England. 4 shapes £150. 5 shapes £180.
ALSO HIS
ELECT, OR LADIES' DOG CART,
Hung low, and easy of access, suitable for Cob or Horse.—**Price £35 to £40,** according to finish.

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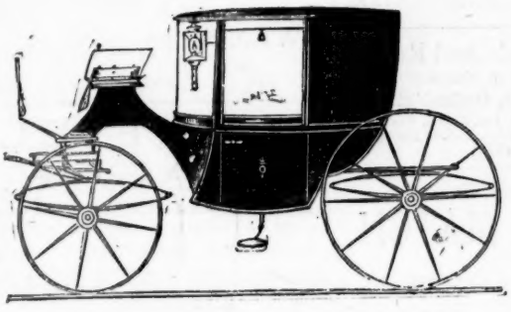
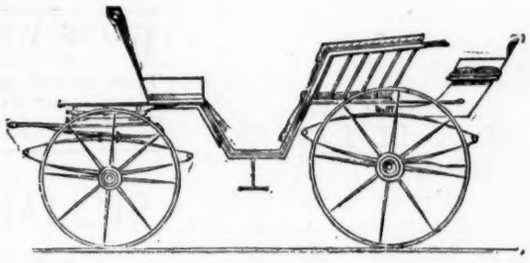
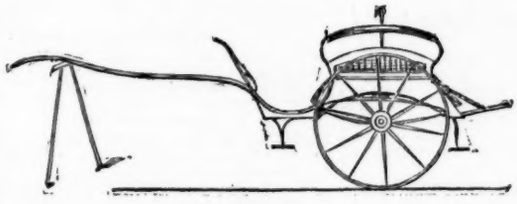
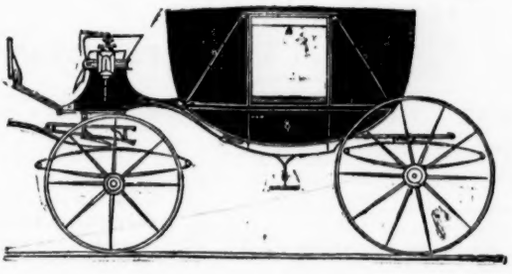




J. R. wishes to introduce to the Public his **New Racket Cart** or **Drag,** the greatest Novelty of the day, to ride low, easy of access for Ladies, and runs light, only $3\frac{1}{2}$ cwt.





All Carriages are constructed of best seasoned materials, and skilled workmanship.

Estimates and Drawings on application.

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JOHN KEIRNAN, Fashionable Boot Maker, 75, Portland-street. A Select Stock of Gentlemen's Boots (own make), always on hand, and equal to bespoke. N.B. Orders and Repairs done on the premises on the shortest notice.

J. JOPLING,
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127, Oxford-st. All Saints'.

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AUSTRIAN KID GLOVES at 1s. 11d,

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LAST TWO NIGHTS of the FAMOUS ARTISTE
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Friday and Saturday,
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Hamlet .....Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN.
Concluding with Messrs. LECLERCQ'S Popular Ballet,
JACK'S RETURN FROM CANTON.
FRIDAY, for the BENEFIT of BARRY SULLIVAN.
Box-office open daily from eleven to two.

PRINCE'S THEATRE,
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Proprietors, the Prince's Theatre Company, Limited.
MONDAY NEXT, 21st March, 1870,
BENEFIT OF MRS. CHARLES CALVERT,
When will be produced
A WINTER'S TALE,
With all its original effects.
Box-office open daily from eleven to two.

PRINCE'S THEATRE,
MANCHESTER.
Proprietors, the Prince's Theatre Company, Limited.
GRAND ITALIAN OPERAS,
FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY.
Commencing MONDAY, 28th March.
For particulars see other announcements.

ROYAL POMONA GARDENS,
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23rd,
GRAND DRESS BALL.
Tickets: Gentlemen, 2s.: Ladies, 1s. 6d.—May be had at the Gardens.

ROYAL POMONA PALACE.
Sole Proprietor, Mr. JAMES REILLY.

RE-ENGAGEMENT FOR ONE WEEK OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH
CHAMPION WRESTLERS.
Every Evening during the week, commencing at 7-30.
ILLUSTRATIONS of LANCASHIRE WRESTLING by the Champions, BENTLEY and ROBINSON
The Strongest Men in the World will give their Performances Every Evening during the week.
The LIVING HERCULES, or Man with the Iron Jaws, will carry Two Men on the Top of a Barrel with his Teeth.
DUBOIS, Jeune, Balancing and Bottle Tricks.
Madame DUBOIS will carry Three Heavy Men at one time round the platform.
DUBOIS, Aine, Extraordinary Feats of Strength, &c.
Commencing at 7-30 prompt. Dancing at 9-30.
Friday, March 18, GRAHAM *v.* HENRI BOUCHES, for a Valuable SILVER CUP: in the French Style.
Saturday, 19, JAMIESON *v.* BONNET LE BOEUF, for a Valuable SILVER CUP: English Style.
Presented by J. REILLY, the Proprietor.
Admission: Reserved Seats, 5s.: Platform, 3s.: Gallery, 1s.: Promenade, 6d.—Trains to Oldham, Ashton, Stalybridge, Accrington, Middleton, Bury, Bolton, Stockport, Rochdale, &c., after the performances.

BALL DRESSES can now be Perfectly WASHED, by using
TRAVIS'S COLLOID.

FIGURED MUSLINS will Look Better than New, by WASHING in
TRAVIS'S COLLOID.

WASH YOUR SILKS IN
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NO matter what Colour, } WASH IN
No matter what Fabric, }
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IT FIXES ALL COLOURS.

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9, St. Ann-st., and 133, Oxford-street.
FUR, SEAL, and ASTRACAN JACKETS, Fur Trimmings, Fur Hearth & Carriage Rugs, Buffalo Robes, &c.
Established 1847.

A GRAND
BILLIARD MATCH,
IN THE
LARGE ROOM
OF THE
FREE TRADE HALL,
Under the distinguished Patronage of the
EARL & COUNTESS OF WILTON,
SIR HUMPHREY AND LADY A. DE TRAFFORD,
(Who have kindly promised to be present,)
AND THE
LEADING FAMILIES of the NEIGHBOURHOOD
Has been arranged between
Mr. W. COOK, Jun.,
AND
Mr. J. ROBERTS, Sen.,
The Champion and Ex-Champion Players,
For TUESDAY, the 29th inst.,
AT THREE P.M.

This is the first Public Match to which Ladies have been invited, and at which arrangements have been made for their comfort. Smoking and Public Betting will be strictly excluded.

The above match will be played upon one of Messrs. Orme and Sons' Tables. The Table will have that size of pockets which their customers and the best players have decided are correct.

Gentlemen's Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Ladies', 7s. 6d.

There will be an EVENING MATCH, commencing at Eight o'clock. Reserved Seats, 7s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 5s.

Tickets and all particulars of the Match can be had from Messrs. ORME and SONS, 7, St. Ann's Street, Manchester.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT
AND PILLS.—As spring approaches a most favourable opportunity offers for rectifying irregularities, removing impurities, and erasing blemishes which have arisen from the presence of matters forbad by winter from being transpired through the pores. This searching Ointment, well rubbed upon the skin, penetrates to the deeply-seated organs, upon which it exerts a most wholesome and beneficial influence. Well nigh all the indigestions give way to this simple treatment, aided by purifying and aperitive doses of Holloway's Pills, round each box of which plain "instructions" are folded. Bilious disorders, loss of appetite, fulnes after eating, lassitude, gout, and rheumatism, may be effectively checked in their painful progress, and the seeds of long suffering eradicated by these remedies.

OWEN'S { ROCKING HORSES, for 18/6, are justly considered the strongest, best, and cheapest in the trade.

OWEN'S { PERAMBULATORS, from 17/6, are universally admired for their elegant shape, durability, and great economy.

OWEN'S { SPRING HORSES, from 35/, are handsome in appearance and durable in wear, besides being a healthy exercise for children.

OWEN'S { PRESENTS for all OCCASIONS, Work Boxes, Desks, Satchels, Bagatelle Tables and Indoor Games.

OWEN'S { MUSICAL & PEARL ALBUMS, Pearl and Papier Machie Inkstands, Blotters, Cabinets, and Card Cases.

OWEN'S { 1, Oldham Street, AND 80, Deansgate. ESTABLISHED 45 YEARS.

GLENFIELD STARCH.
EXCLUSIVELY USED in the ROYAL LAUNDRY, and HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS says, that it is
THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.
Awarded Prize Medal for its Superiority.
WHEN YOU ASK FOR
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See that you get it, as inferior kinds are often substituted
WOTHERSPOON & CO., GLASGOW and LONDON.

ALEXANDRA HALL,
PETER STREET, MANCHESTER.
UNDER ENTIRELY NEW MANAGEMENT.
Sole Lessees:—J. & W. S. BOOTH,
Who have much pleasure in announcing to the public that they have secured the services of that well-known caterer,
MR. JOHN McCAMBRIDGE,
under whose direction it is their intention to provide Entertainments of a character surpassing anything that has ever been attempted in Manchester.

On MONDAY NEXT,
MONSTRE COMBINATION of Talent! Artistes selected from the principal Theatres and leading halls in the kingdom, comprising—
Mdlles. GRACE LUCELLE and CLARA BETA, the accomplished Danseuses, late of the Theatre Royal, Birmingham.
G. H. FRENCH, Maitre de Ballet, late of the Conservatoire, Paris.
MR. HARRY BARNES, Pantomimist, late of Cremorne and Drury Lane.
PERCY WILLIAMS and Mdme. ROSSI, the celebrated Operatic Duettists.
Immense Reception Nightly of ORVILLE PARKER, Grotesque Negro Delineator and Stump Orator.
Re-engagement of Miss LIZZIE HERBERT, the charming Serio-Comic.
LANGLEY and FRENCH, the Comic Duettists.
FRENCH and his unrivalled BALLET TROUPE.

The BAND, which will be considerably augmented, under the Leadership of Mr. J. HARRISON.

Doors open at 7; commence at 7-30.
Admission: Body of the Hall, 1s.; Galleries, 6d.
J. M. McCAMBRIDGE, General Manager.

MANCHESTER: Printed and Published by the Proprietor, JOHN GEORGE KERSHAW, at 37, Oxford-street, in the parish of Manchester, and of 1, Stanley Terrace, Moss Lane West, in the parish of Manchester.—Saturday, March 19th, 1870.

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